

Yours, Then and Now

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Yours, Then and Now

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

They're in the car, on their way home, and Hannibal just says it. Like it's nothing.

"I feel you should know that I slept with another man in Florence."

Notes

Thank you SO much to Val for making this fic happen! I hope it meets your expectations <3

- Translation into Русский available: [Твой — тогда и сейчас](#) by [Gays_Lover](#)

Will's grip tightens, his fist white-knuckled over the knee of his trousers. Hannibal isn't even looking at him, eyes still fixed on the road as he drives them home.

"You...you *what*?" He growls, because there's no way he just heard the other man right.

To his surprise and his fury, Hannibal barely shrugs. "I suppose you might refer to it as a 'rebound', of sorts. Even though our own relationship has never been sexual."

No, it hasn't. The two of them have never slept together. Never even kissed. Hannibal isn't *his* to be jealous over, now or ever.

His jaw clenches so hard his teeth might chip.

"When?" he asks, mind quickly catching up and emotions rushing like a hurricane. "Who? *Why?*"

Hannibal is still unfailingly nonchalant. "As I said, it was while I was living in Europe. With a man by the name of Antony Dimmond. As for the why..." He finally looks at Will. Smiles sadly. "He bore your resemblance. And he was willing, and I was lonely. He offered, and I saw no reason to decline."

Will's mind reels. Yanked fiercely in a dozen directions at once. Seams popping like a mistreated ragdoll, he manages "Why are you telling me this?"

Hannibal's eyes are fixed once more on the road. They're turning onto their street now. Nearly home. Instead of answering Hannibal says "You're angry."

"I'm past angry," Will nearly spits. His face is hot with it, his blood boiling. "I'm incensed, I-I'm furious! Why- Why—"

"The very question on my own mind," Hannibal interrupts. He sends a judgemental look Will's way. "Why does it anger you? It wasn't as if you had any claim on me— you were married not long after, if you'll recall."

He shuts his mouth at that. It's true, it's all true. He wasn't— *isn't* in any position to be possessive over Hannibal. He has no right to be this angry.

And yet he knows exactly why he's so enraged. Why he feels like like his skin is suddenly three sizes too small. Hannibal *was* his. He was Will's then, in Florence. He was Will's when Hannibal cut him open. Will's when he sent someone to kill him. Will's right now, even, whether Will wants him or not.

How dare he.

Hannibal parks the car outside their house, and Will follows him, stalking and stewing in his uncontrollable ire. He finds himself staring at Hannibal's back. Stares at his hands and thinks of how they wrapped around someone else's cock. Stares at the hair at the back of Hannibal's

head and pictures fingers other than Will's own gripping it. Stares at his back and imagines it arching in pleasure from a stranger.

When the front door closes, Will slams Hannibal against the foyer wall. Hannibal's breath catches, staring back at him with dark eyes.

Will's body feels like it's moving on its own. "What did he do to you," he nearly snarls, grabbing the other man by the tie. "Tell me everything. I want to know."

The smile is gone in a flash, but Will still sees it. Is still **infuriated** by it. He lets go of the tie just to pin Hannibal by his throat.

"H-He—" Hannibal gasps, pressing into the hand when Will squeezes. "He had me suck his cock, then I got on my hands and knees and he fingered me." Hannibal stares Will directly in the eyes, a sickening spark of mischief flashing there. He's **enjoying** this. "He took me from behind, and brought both of us to orgasm. Satisfactory?"

Will can hardly think. He decides to stop trying. He wrenches his hand from Hannibal's throat, and the other man gasps even though Will hadn't even been restricting his airflow.

"Get on your knees," Will says, the words rushing out with his anger.

"Will—"

"Get on your fucking knees. **Now.**"

Hannibal doesn't break eye contact as he drops. The image has heat swirling in Will's gut, and he curses as he unfastens his belt, ripping open his trousers and pulling out his half-hard cock. He moves to stroke it, then catches the sight of Hannibal, lips parted and expectant.

Will grabs a fistful of ashen locks, pulling hard until Hannibal's eyes flutter. He shoves the head of his cock between Hannibal's lips, pulling him closer so that his nose is pressed to Will's skin. Both of them groan. Hannibal's mouth is hot and wet, his tongue silken where it immediately starts exploring Will's length. He rocks back and forth a few times, enjoying the feeling as his cock hardens and twitches in the other man's mouth. Will pulls back slowly, pausing for a moment to make Hannibal tense with anticipation, then slams deep again, holding Hannibal's head in place even as he splutters and gags around the intrusion.

He fucks Hannibal's throat, his pace unrelenting and the pleasure nearly unbearable. Hannibal, for his part, shows unbridled enthusiasm. He welcomes the treatment with a stream of muffled moans, tears rolling down his flushed face all the while.

He pulls back when he starts getting close, biting his cheek and gripping the base of his cock. Just the sight of himself is enough to make him twitch, wet and flushed and rock hard. Hannibal looks up at him, his mouth open and his tongue shamelessly poking out. Waiting.

"F-Fuck," he groans. "Get up."

Hannibal blinks, but obeys. Will spins him, pushing him to bend over a table near their entryway. He makes quick work of shoving Hannibal's pants down, and moans when he sees

that Hannibal's cock is *dripping* with arousal.

"God, you're a fucking slut," he says, ignoring Hannibal's cock entirely and holding his hand in front of the other man's face. "Spit."

Hannibal whimpers softly, and it lights Will's nerves on fire. Hesitantly, he spits into Will's hand.

Will immediately sets to spreading it around Hannibal's rim. In truth, Will doesn't have a clue what he's doing, but that doesn't matter. "Suck on my fingers, " he grunts. "Don't be shy, get them good and wet."

Hannibal glances at him over his shoulder. Slowly, calculated, he says "Antony used lube."

Will snarls. "You're not with him. You chose me." He pushes his fingers to Hannibal's lips. "And I'm telling you to *suck*."

Hannibal does just that, with no more argument. He drools over the digits, curling that sinful tongue around Will's knuckles eagerly.

"Think you can fuck somebody else when I'm not around?" He prods when they pop free. He pushes a finger into Hannibal's hole, nearly coming when he feels how torturously tight the other man is. "Think my absence gives you an excuse to whore yourself out? If you're not good enough for me, then you have to be good enough for everyone else— is that it?"

Two fingers, now, and Will suspects that Hannibal is groaning more from pain than from pleasure. He pulls back and spits into his own hand again. "Just needed cock so badly that you'd take it from anyone, didn't you?"

"Yes," Hannibal whines, and Will twists his fingers cruelly. "Yes, Will yes!"

"Yeah?" he grunts. "You only take cock from me now, Hannibal. You picked me. Fucking act like it."

Will pulls his fingers out, spreading more spit over his cock before pressing it to Hannibal's entrance. Hannibal moans, trying to push closer.

"Tell me that you understand."

Hannibal swallows. He's panting, sweating, still half-clothed. "I... I understand, Will."

Will pushes in. Both of them cry out, and Will's hands grip Hannibal's hips tightly. He tries to let Hannibal adjust, but he only manages to remain still for a few moments before he starts thrusting.

The tight friction has Will moaning like he's dying. He's never felt anything like it, Hannibal is scorching hot and gripping Will's cock like his body doesn't want Will to pull out.

"Is this how he did it?" Will huffs, snapping his hips and pushing a weak groan from Hannibal. "Is this how it felt, when he fucked you?"

Will's angle shifts, and Hannibal moans wantonly, crying out Will's name. "I- *oh, Will*— I only thought of you."

Will growls. "I know you did," he says. "Nobody should have you but me, isn't that right?"

Hannibal claws at the tabletop, sobbing with pleasure as Will continuously targets the same spot. "Yes, Will, please! No one else, please."

He reaches to wrap a hand around Hannibal's cock, still leaking insistently.

"Who do you take cock from, Hannibal?"

Hannibal lets out a high moan. "You."

Will grits his teeth. Fuck, he's close. "Who gives you pleasure? Who makes you cum?"

"Only you, Will-" he punctuates the statement with a frantic whine. He clenches around Will's length, and Will's eyes roll, his strokes increasing.

"Show me."

A moment later, Hannibal is nearly screaming. He jerks in Will's hold, streams of thick cum staining the table and coating Will's hand. Will follows immediately after, fucking shallowly as he fills Hannibal with a long groan.

"Mine," he snarls as he rides out the aftershocks. "Mine, mine, fucking *mine*."

"Yours," Hannibal mumbles, his voice dreamy and far away. "I am yours."

Will gasps for air, staring down at the mess he's made. He pulls out and has to bite his lip to keep from moaning at the sight of his cum leaking from Hannibal's swollen rim.

Well, if Will is claiming him, then he might as well take good care of him. Someone has to.

"Come on," he says, trying hard to sound gentle. "Let me help you clean off."

"I gave him to you, you know," Hannibal replies, making no move to stand.

"I..."

Hannibal clears his throat, looking back at Will with a weak smile. "The heart you found waiting for you, in Palermo. I offered Antony to you. Always yours, Will, even then."

Will manages a smile in return at that. "Well, I'm glad he's dead. Saves me from having to hunt him down."

Hannibal sighs, finally letting Will help him upstairs.

It isn't until Will is behind him in the shower, pressing wet kisses to his neck, that Hannibal speaks again.

"I never slept with Antony."

Will freezes, lips still pressed to wet skin. "What?"

Hannibal just relaxes into Will's hold, nearly purring with contentment. "He attempted to seduce me, but I only wanted you, Will. He never had sex with me."

His mind struggles to catch up, fumbling. "I... why did you tell me that he did?!" he asks, but he already knows the answer.

"I wanted to see how you'd react, of course." Hannibal twists enough to look back at Will, and there isn't an ounce of guilt in him. "To see if you'd be jealous. I've never even been with a man before, much less on the receiving end." The corner of his lip twitches upwards. "You were my first, Will."

Will shakes his head, cursing softly. "You're deranged," he declares, but his hands resume roaming over Hannibal's warm body, more tenderly than before. "Are you okay? I wasn't exactly gentle with you." The question is followed by another flock of loose kisses on Hannibal's shoulder.

The other man laughs softly. "No, you never are. I suspect I'll be in pain when morning comes. For now, I'm only eager to find my bed." He falters. Will can hear the hint of uncertainty in his voice. "...I hope you'll join me."

Will sighs, kissing the spot just below Hannibal's ear. "I'm yours, aren't I? I'll be there."

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